

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME LIII

Published Every Thursday,  
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1924.

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 46

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

## EFFORT

He brought me his report card from the teacher, and he said: "He wasn't very proud of it, and sadly bowed his head. He was excellent in reading, but arithmetic was fair. And I noticed there were several 'unsatisfactory' there. But one little bit of credit which was given brought me joy—He was 'excellent in effort,' and I fairly hugged the boy."

"Oh, it doesn't make much difference what is written on your card!" I told the little fellow, "If you're only trying hard, and 'excellents' are fine, I must agree. But the effort you are making means a whole lot more to me; And the thing that's most important when this card is put aside is to know, in spite of failure, that to do your best you've tried!"

"Just keep excellent in effort—all the rest will come to you. There isn't any problem but some day you'll learn to do. And at last, when you grow older, you will come to understand. That by hard and patient toiling men have risen to command. And some day you will discover, when a greater goal's at stake That better far than brilliance, is the effort you will make."—Edgar A. Guest.

## "ONE DINNER."

By MAE POSTER JAY

Watch in hand, Ted Marshall stood beside the roadbed of the new State Highway and looked miserably at a noisily gyrating concrete mixer. He was under the painful necessity of asserting his authority as resident engineer and did not know just how to do it. He glanced nervously across the road to where Dick Edwards, superintendent for the Baird Construction Company, stood beside his automobile, confident, corpulent and self-assured.

Ted had not been wholly comfortable for two months, not since one day last winter when John Nichols, district engineer for the State Highway Department, had summoned him for the drafting room to his private office. Mr. Nichols was comparing several sheets of paper at his desk and smiling in a peculiar manner.

"Swindle sheets," thought Ted as he recognized the papers in Mr. Nichols's hands as the last monthly expense accounts of the engineers. Ted could not help wondering whether he had eaten too plentifully or slept too comfortably to suit the department.

Mr. Nichols's forefinger was tapping an item on Ted's own expense sheet, and Ted, looking at the item, read, "One dinner, 35 cents." When Mr. Nichols raised his head he was still smiling, "Marshall," he said abruptly, "you will be resident engineer on the Chico-Arden section this spring."

Ted merely stared and blushed to the roots of his red hair. The same self-consciousness that, when he was a child, had made him flee his mother's callers, slip into a back seat in his classes when he was at college and later cling to the wall at such social affairs as he was unable to avoid, had led him to hope for a quiet corner next spring, where he might learn the engineering business unobserved. And here he was about to be made responsible for as important a piece of construction as there was in the whole district!

But it was the Baird Construction Company that had completed his misery, they and perhaps the boys back at the office who had predicted that the Bairds would "slip something over on" him.

Now as Ted stood, watch in hand, beside the roadbed he was asking himself anxiously whether that were not just what the company was trying to do. A truck backed up to the mixer and dumped a load of gravel, stone and cement into its capacious hopper, which then rose in the air and slid the carefully measured ingredients down into the mixing drum of the machine. As the uneven rotation of the mixer set in again Ted looked at his watch. The mixer ceased to shake, and the trough spread the semiliquid gray stuff evenly across the roadbed. He clicked the case of his watch shut. "They think I'm easy picking!" he muttered, and pulling down his cap nervously as if to hide his heightened color, crossed the road and approached Dick Edwards,

"Morning, Ted," came the genial greeting. "What's on your mind?"

For an instant Ted's resolution wavered. Then he spoke quickly. "That—mixer operator of yours, mostly," he said with embarrassment; "he has a—bad habit of running his batches short. The specifications—call for a minute, you know. His won't average three quarters." "That so?" Edwards inquired affably. "Well, that's easily remedied. We want to do everything right, you know. O Tony!" he called to the mixer operator. "Be sure you run each batch a full minute. No fudging goes, you know. Have a cigar, Ted. No? Well, see you down the line, I suppose." And, stepping into his low-slung roadster, he started the engine and was off.

Greatly relieved that the ordeal was ended, Ted turned down the road to crank the battered old automobile with which the State had provided him. The troubled look in his eyes almost cleared as he turned back on the highway to a short stretch of new pavement that had recently been opened to traffic. Round the long easy curves the permanent new road stretched hard and white and wide. With a satisfied thrill he realized that he had done his duty.

The white stretch ended. As Ted approached the second of the four construction gangs he frowned. Eight hundred feet of pavement that was only two days old exposed to the glare of the sun! He drove on past the tamper that was beating down and smoothing the mixture with its wide belt and stopped just beyond at the mixer, which was turning out a fresh batch every minute. "O Mike!" he shouted to the contractor's foreman. "How about that uncovered section?"

"That? Oh, we'll have it covered right away," the foreman answered tolerantly.

Ted flushed; even the underlings did not take him seriously. "But that's what you told me yesterday," he said.

"We're a little short of men this morning, Mr. Marshall; but I'll see to it right away."

Mike's words were promises and nothing more. Ted found that out when he returned two hours later and found the pavement still uncovered. The tamper and the mixer were plugging doggedly ahead; the foreman was pacing back and forth and whistling cheerily.

For some time Ted sat leaning over the steering wheel of his automobile, apparently absorbed in a pair of rubber boots that tramped about in the gray mixture as a laborer plied his shovel to the thick stream. Then he sprang from the automobile. "I'll be hanged if I'll be cowed by a foreman!" he declared. "O Mike!" he shouted angrily. "Close down that mixer and leave it closed until that stretch of pavement is covered!"

Mike stopped whistling and stared. Then he shrugged his shoulders and patiently explained that they were short of men; that the teams were all busy on the subgrade up ahead; and that there was no dirt handy for covering. Moreover, Edwards wanted them to make a record run of six hundred feet to-day, and as for closing down the mixer, that was impossible! "It can't be done!" said Mike.

"The dickens it can't!" replied Ted, and he amazed even himself by ordering all the teams and men from the work up ahead to come back and cover the pavement with dirt from a pile that he pointed out a little distance away.

As a matter of fact he found himself enjoying Mike's grumpiness; the unaccustomed course he had taken gave him a sort of exhilaration. Then Dick Edwards drove up, and once again the boy was under the spell of his distressing self-consciousness. He felt the absurdity of his trying to dictate to a seasoned millionaire contractor—he, Ted Marshall, who was only halfway through his course at college.

"What's the big idea, Ted?" asked Edwards, looking at his idle machinery and the row of trucks waiting to dump their cargoes.

Ted flushed. "I—" he said and swallowed. "I've been at Mike for two days to cover that pavement, Mr. Edwards, and without result. This seemed to be my only alternative. The specifications call for immediate covering, you know."

The superintendent leaned com-

fortably against a telephone pole and thrust his hands into his pockets. "I suppose you realize, Ted," he said grinning whimsically, "that it is costing us about forty dollars an hour all the time we're closed down like this."

"Yes I know," admitted Ted, miserably red. "But I suppose you realized that we can never accept that piece of road if it is not properly protected during construction—kept from the sun and kept wet. It seems to me Mr. Edwards—" The boy stopped, abashed at his temerity.

"Well?" Ted loosened his collar. "It seems to me," he continued, "that it would be cheaper for you to build according to specifications in the first place. It has to be done eventually. Edwards threw out his hands deprecatingly. "Why, of course! Of course! That's what we aim to do. But it's the labor; that is where the trouble comes. Labor incompetent, shifting and hard to get—and worth hanging to when you get it. Now, Mike here, who is causing all this trouble—we have to take more from him than we like, but he's a cracking good foreman and worth humoring a bit, even if he is inclined to be officious."

"He might be trained," Ted ventured to reply, and glanced significantly at the disgruntled Mike, who now was carrying out the boy's orders.

"All right, Ted," said the superintendent, laughing. "Go to it; train him if you can, and if he quits, why, we'll cast about for another. We should worry about the expense. We want to do everything right, you know."

The day and its problems were typical of the days that followed. Ted had to fight continually to get the work done properly. "We want to do everything right," continued to baffle him throughout the season. Combated and overcome a dozen times a day, he lost much of his natural shyness; he largely outgrew his self-consciousness in the presence of Edwards. In fact, he came to regard him rather as a chum, called him Dick and frequently rode with him in the roadster. But Ted was not sure of the man's sincerity, though he could not quite doubt it.

It was not until late in the summer that he found definite evidence for his suspicions. "Ted," Edwards declared one day, as the two stood along the road studying a set of plans, "as I told you before, we're not getting paid enough for the work we're doing in that rock cut on the hill outside Marion. There's a lot more rock there than the blue prints estimate, and it's hard going. I know it will cost us more to get it out than the four dollars a yard that the contract allows. A lot more!"

"Well, you may be right, Dick," Ted admitted. "And if you are, you'll be paid for the work you do. The estimates may easily be wrong. When they were made, they were based only on the outcropping rock. But now that the top dirt and loose stuff is off, it will be easy enough to determine accurately how much rock is there. Why not pick up one of my instrument men—Grimes is working near there—and your own engineer, and run some cross sections down there?"

Accordingly Edwards had the engineers make the survey and compute the yardage again. The result was astonishing. The figures erred, it is true, but they erred on the other side; there was less rock to move by more than a thousand yards than the plans indicated. The Bairds would therefore have been overpaid rather than underpaid for their work.

"Guess the old blue prints will be good enough for you now, Dick," laughed Grimes as he shouldered his transit.

Ted gave Edwards a quick questioning glance; but the superintendent was still staring at the figures. "I suppose the blue print stands," Edwards suggested when Grimes and the other engineer had gone. "I told you that if the plans erred in our favor we'd make it right, didn't I, Dick?"

"Well?"

"Well, it's a poor rule, you know that won't work both ways."

"Oh, strictly speaking, perhaps. But here is where you have opportunity to help us a bit. We're losing heavily on this whole contract. We'll appreciate it if you'll,

just forget about this little survey. Nothing wrong in doing that, surely."

"I'm sorry, Dick, but I can't see it that way."

Edwards sat for some time looking up at the steep bluff that was to be graded. Then he spoke again—slowly. "Well, Ted," he said, "every man has his price. Yours is a high one of course, so I'll bid the limit at once. Let the thing ride as it is on the blue print, and when the State pays us we'll give you half the surplus. In round numbers that will probably be a couple of thousand dollars."

The color quickly flooded Ted's face; he shifted his feet in embarrassment.

"There you are," Edwards went on. "Enough to finish your schooling with at one swoop—and nothing out of the way in what you've done, either. Nothing crooked, simply following a set of plans. What say, boy?"

Ted sat and tapped his notebook with his pencil.

"You're entitled to it anyhow," Edwards continued. "A man of your ability working for the paltry salary the State doles out! Ridiculous! It's a crime! Why, my mixer operator gets more than you do, and you show him how to handle his job! My own salary is easily ten times yours, but I listen to you for my orders. It'll take you four years of scrippling and pinching to lay away enough for those two years at school. Here is just the opportunity you need—and deserve. And of course the matter is between you and me, absolutely!"

Ted sat quiet with downcast eyes. He felt as if he were suffocating; his tongue and his mouth burned. He tried to speak, but merely mumbled. He gave a swift upward glance at Edwards and met the man's eyes. "Every man has his price," they seemed to be saying.

The pencil in Ted's grasp broke with a sharp snap as he sprang to his feet. "Nothing doing, Edwards!" he said sharply, and striding abruptly up the bank to the roadside, cranked his battered old State automobile and rattled off. Edwards made no move to stop him.

Relations between the two remained friendly. The rock cut was made and, regardless of the blue print, payment was computed on the basis of the work done. Dick's good nature was unflinching, and sometimes Ted found himself wondering whether they had ever had the memorable conversation, it seemed so much like a dream.

Toward the end of the season Ted had to go to the hospital to be operated on for bad tonsils. He fretted at the misfortune, that, kept him these for almost three weeks. It was not the tonsils that annoyed him; it was being kept away from the job. He tried to tell himself that he was foolish to worry. The work was almost done, and there were no difficult problems ahead. Edwards, who came in frequently to see him, assured him that Grimes was handling the work capably in his place. Materials were coming in on the minute, and the workmen were making excellent progress. He advised Ted to take plenty of time for convalescing.

But Ted did not take a minute longer than was necessary. The first day the doctor said he might return to work saw him on the train. The roadster met him at the station; but it was not Edwards, but Grimes, that sat behind the steering wheel.

"Well! Did you beg, borrow or steal Dick's car?" asked Ted laughing.

"Dick's car nothing! My car now, Pinky."

"Your car?"

"Bought it," Grimes replied.

"You—bought it!" gasped Ted.

"Yup," Grimes said casually and shifted the noiseless gears. "Dick wanted a bigger one, so he let me have this at a reasonable figure."

Ted narrowed his eyes and looked at the flying landscape. Grimes had bought this roadster, which was of the latest model and as good as new! Even the reasonable figure must have represented a tidy sum. Ted himself could not have bought one wheel of the car without feeling the pinch. And Grimes was getting fifty dollars a month less than he! Ted brought himself up sharply. It was possible, he reminded himself,

for a man to have an income outside his salary. "How's the work?" he asked genially.

"Great! Left off station 408 last night."

"Station 408? Great! Why, let's see, that's one hundred and eight stations in eighteen days. That's averaging a run of six hundred feet a day. You must be mistaken. Three to four hundred feet is a good average run, you know."

"Yes, but we've been unusually lucky. Weather favorable, materials coming in on time, no breakdowns of machinery, and labor as steady as you'd want to see it."

"H'm," said Ted. Then as they came in sight of the construction gang he asked, "What foreman have Bairds had on this section?"

"Mike. Good man."

"Yes, for the Bairds. You watched him closely? Mike likes to fudge on getting his subgrade down."

"Came down easily all along here," Grimes answered. "There wasn't much rock."

Certainly Ted saw no room for criticism when they drew up beside the mixer. Edwards, greeting him affably, indicated with pride the long stretch of covered pavement that they had completed during his absence. "Not such a bad job at carrying on, Ted," he said.

But Ted's enthusiasm failed to kindle; he was worried. All the following week while he was waiting for the proper time to uncover the first part of the section that had been laid in his absence he investigated figures, pondered and concluded and then tossed his conclusions aside only to return to them.

On the morning when the section was uncovered Grimes and Edwards met Ted where Mike had his gang busy clearing off the dirt. Edwards sauntered out upon the clean light gray pavement. "Smooth as the bosom of a freshly ironed shirt," he declared. "I tell you, fellows, this is as pretty a bit of work as there is on the job."

"A mighty good job!" said Grimes, kneeling in the dirt to sight critically across the pavement.

"Yes," agreed Ted, "on the surface."

"What do you mean?" asked Edwards in astonishment.

"I mean," replied Ted quietly, "that beneath the surface it's just plain rotten!"

Dick Edwards's eyes became narrow, but his voice was genial. "Well, come on, Ted," he said, "let's end all this melodrama. Explain!"

"I think I'll ask you to do the explaining, Dick. I've been waiting all this week to ask you a few questions that have been troubling me."

"Well, let's hear 'em!"

"Perhaps you can tell me how it happens that on this particular run a given amount of materials has done one and a half times the usual amount of work."

Edwards leisurely cupped a match in his hand and relighted his cigar. "Where do you get that stuff?" he asked, laughing good-humoredly.

"Right here," and Ted drew forth his notebook. "Here is a record of all materials received during the three weeks I was gone. In ordinary circumstances they were enough for a run of seven thousand feet; you have used them to make a run of more than ten thousand feet. How do you explain that?"

"By claiming error either in your figures or your information," Edwards replied complacently. There's no other way."

"Do you," demanded Ted, "seriously expect me to believe that this pavement is eight inches thick?"

"Believe it or not," answered the superintendent easily. "That's what it is, of course. We try to do everything right."

Ted jerked off his cap and ran his fingers through his thick red shock of hair. He looked absurdly young and raw. But he was not blushing now; he had turned white. "You'll have to prove that to me!" he said.

"All right," Edwards replied in the patient manner of a person who humors an unreasonable child. "How shall we prove it? Dig down through?"

"Exactly," answered Ted. "That is the only way."

"Surely, Pinky," began Grimes,

"you don't mean—"

"Yes, I do!" Ted exclaimed hotly

and turned to Edwards. "Where shall we make the test?"

Edwards spread out his hands invitingly. "Anywhere."

"Then we'll save ourselves the time and trouble by using the proof that I found yesterday," replied Ted and led the way ten or fifteen feet down the road. "There!" he said, pointing to a small hole in the pavement.

Edwards shrugged his shoulders and turned away with an air of injured innocence.

Grimes, bending over the hole, was measuring the depth of the pavement with his pencil. "Only about four inches!" he exclaimed.

"Not a bit over. Well, the—dirty crooks!"

"How'd you come to let them get by with it, Grimes?" Ted asked him.

"I?" Grimes asked in astonishment. "Great guns, Ted, I didn't know anything about this!"

"The State was paying you to know about it, wasn't it?"

"Oh, in a way. But you see there was so much for me to look after all at once when you were gone and—well, to tell the truth, I wasn't round here much. This was such easy going that I thought Mike was capable of handling it. I devoted almost all my time to the earthwork on the other sections."

"H'm, I understand," said Ted. "You stayed at the other end of the job. Consideration, one roadster?"

"Oh come now, Ted," interrupted Edwards as he rejoined them. "Don't be nasty about this. Mike has tried to put something over; that's the size of it. We're sorry it happened. It's our aim to do everything right. We'll rebuild this section, of course. We can't afford to let anything like this happen."

"Not if it's going to get out," said Ted.

"Oh, of course we must keep it dark. Now you, fellows name your own price—"

"Price!" cried Ted. "You tried to buy me once before, and I kept still about it. This whole disgusting business isn't much to my credit. It may mean my job, but just the same the State is going to hear about Oh, yes, I think you'll rebuild, all right!"

It was some time later that Ted stood in the office of the district engineer for the State Highway Department. He flushed to the roots of his hair as he told of the thin pavement. As Mr. Nichols listened he smiled in a peculiar manner that made Ted remember the day last winter when he stood in front of the man, Mr. Nichols who fumbling in a drawer in his desk; he drew out a set of expense account sheets and studied them. His smile became almost a grin.

"They're crooks, sir, that Baird Construction Company," Ted finished. "Just plain, unscrupulous crooks!"

"Oh, sure," agreed Mr. Nichols. "I knew that when I sent you out there. They've been doing county work for years and have undoubtedly been buying the commission. All I lacked was concrete proof of the fact, I sent you out there to get it, and you've succeeded."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said Ted.

"Do you happen to remember a dinner of tough roast beef, greasy potatoes and soggy pastry, that was set in front of you and half a dozen other fellows one day when you were in Lockley last spring, making a survey? It was in that dinky restaurant on the corner."

Ted shook his head. "I don't remember that particular meal," he replied.

"Well, I mentioned that one because I was there myself, at the other end of the room. The only good thing about the meal was the price. It was thirty-five cents."

"Meals are always thirty-five cents at the Restaurant," said Ted.

"Yes," Mr. Nichols ran his finger down one of the sheets.

"Here it is, you see, on your expense account—One dinner, 35 cents. Well, and here is the same item on the other—er—swindle sheet, 'One dinner, 60 cents.' Again, 'One dinner, 75 cents.' 'One dinner, 85 cents.' Here's another, 'One dinner, 95 cents.'"

"Most of the fellows," continued Mr. Nichols, "made money on that dinner. It was safe enough. The

State could not question the items; they were plausible. But the discrepancy between the price you gave and the prices the other fellows gave furnished me with a clue. Of course I had noticed that your expense account always was from ten to fifteen dollars less than that of most of the other men, and I guessed why. Well, then I reasoned that a fellow who had a conscience that wouldn't let him cheat the State out of a penny when no one but himself was likely ever to know about it, wasn't the kind who would sell himself to the Baird Construction Company. Pretty good hunch, eh, Ted?"

Ted flushed a little deeper, but there was a glad light in his eyes as he lifted them and met those of Mr. Nichols.

"The State can't offer you any such rake-off as the Bairds offered you, my boy," Mr. Nichols continued, with a sudden smile, "but it can promote its men according to ability and—well, the first of the month isn't far off. Watch for your pay check."—*Youth's Companion.*

## Thanksgiving Proclamation

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE issued the Thanksgiving Day proclamation setting aside Thursday, November 27th, as a day for "National Thanksgiving." The proclamation reads:

"We approach that season of the year when it has been the custom for the American people to give thanks for the good fortune which the bounty of Providence, through the generosity of nature, has visited upon them. It is altogether a good custom. It has the sanction of antiquity and the approbation of our religious convictions. In acknowledging the receipt of Divine favor, in contemplating the blessings which have been bestowed upon us, we shall reveal the spiritual strength of the nation."

"The year has been marked by a continuation of peace, whereby our country has entered into a relationship of better understanding with all the other nations of the earth. Ways have been revealed to us by which we could perform very great service through the giving of friendly counsel, through the extension of financial assistance and true exercise of a spirit of neighborly friendliness to less favored peoples. We should give thanks for the power which has been given into our keeping, with which we have been able to render these services to the rest of mankind. "At home we have continually had an abundant state of public wealth."

"The production of our industries has been large and our harvests have been bountiful. We have been remarkably free from disorder and remarkably successful in all these pursuits which flourish during a state of domestic peace. An abundant prosperity has overspread the land. We shall do well to accept all these favors and bounties with a becoming humility, and dedicate them to the service of the righteous cause of the giver of all good and perfect gifts. As the nation has prospered, let all the people show that they are worthy to prosper, by rededicating America to the service of God and mankind."

"Therefore I, Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States of America, hereby proclaim and fix Thursday, the twenty-seventh day of November, as a day for national thanksgiving. I recommend that the people gather in their places of worship and at the family altars and offer up thanks for the goodness which has been shown to them in such a multitude of ways."

"Especially I urge them to supplicate the Throne of Grace, that they may gather strength from their tribulations; that they may gain humility from their victories; that they may bear without complaining the burdens that shall be placed upon them, and that they may be increasingly worthy in all ways of the blessings that shall come to them. "In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the United States."

"Done at the City of Washington, this Fifth day of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and forty-ninth."

"CALVIN COOLIDGE."



#### The A. C. D. of Los Angeles.

Mr. W. E. Dean has returned, after three months visiting in Minneapolis and other eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn and Mrs. Walter Eden motored to San Francisco to visit Mr. and Mrs. Tilley. They were entertained by friends in both San Francisco and Berkeley. After a very enjoyable two weeks they returned to Los Angeles.

Herman Plenz died at the County Hospital on October 12th, after several weeks illness. The burial took place at Orange. Mrs. Plenz and the two little girls have our sincere sympathy in their bereavement. Mrs. Plenz has a nice home, but is afraid to live there alone, and would like to have a deaf woman take one of her rooms.

The A. C. D., 158 West Pico Street, will hold open house Thanksgiving Day, and will serve a turkey dinner from 5 to 8 P.M.

The boys on the bowling team are still busy. They have won two games and lost ten. They hope for more victories this month. The team is captained by Kenneth Williams. The players are Levi Larson, Fred Kuhn, Harry Herbold, Claude Wood.

Oscar Larson and Fred Dunlap are subs.

Clarence Murley left Detroit recently in a new Reo Sedan, headed for Los Angeles. Last week, he showed up at the Silent Club with a strip of surgeon's tape on his head. No one has seen the sedan. Wonder where it is.

The base ball team has played three games this month, winning two and losing one. They beat the Cane Building team 11 to 2, and a team of "Pick ups" 5 to 2. Then they lost to the Exposition Park Employees 9 to 4. Kett and Stark are the pitchers for the A. C. D. The team needs a good catcher.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Gilmore have had charge of the entertainments for the month of October. The 11th was spent in games. One was very amusing. All the players were given a sheet of paper and told to tear it into the shape of some animal. The results were astonishing, and the judges had a hard time picking out the winners.

We have just been told that Mrs. E. M. Price met with a very painful accident recently. The gas water heater in the bathroom exploded, burning her about the face and head. It is not yet known just how serious her injuries are.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett brought their son over to the A. C. D. last Saturday night and introduced him around. We were glad to meet him, but they did not stay long enough. Come again.

Mr. Douglas Tilden was in San Francisco, on business, one week this month. On his return to L. A., he was offered a position at the Hal E. Roach studio at Culver City. He is well pleased with his new position.

Charles Nutt and Clemen Scott arrived in Los Angeles a couple of weeks ago from Camden, Arkansas. They walked a part of the way and rode in autos whenever they could get a lift. In exchange for the ride they would change tires and do minor repairs on the cars whenever it was needed. Both boys are planning to remain in Los Angeles, indefinitely, as they are now "guests" of the city.

The following is the program for November: Saturday evening, November 1st, Bunco; November 8th, Travelers' Contest; November 15th, Pantomime; All day November 22d, Bazaar; Wednesday evening, November 26th, A. C. D. Anniversary Thanksgiving Ball; Thursday, November 27th, Thanksgiving Dinner; Saturday evening, November 29th, Guessing Games.

Prizes will be awarded the winners of all games. Supper and refreshments will be served on all occasions in November.

#### LON CHANEY'S FATHER ILL

Frank H. Chaney 79, father of Lon Chaney, motion picture actor, is at St. Vincent's Hospital as a result of a serious infection of his left eye, which necessitated the removal of the eye.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Mr. Chaney is deaf and has many friends in Los Angeles. He has our best wishes and hopes for a speedy recovery.

#### NOTICE

There will be a social for the Fanwood Alumni Association, preceded by a brief business meeting, at the Institution, on the evening of Saturday, November 29th, 1924.

WM. G. JONES,  
Secretary.

#### St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.  
The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.  
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.  
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.  
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.  
Woman's Guild, first Wednesday, 2:00 P.M.  
Lectures, third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.  
Socials, fourth Sundays, 8:00 P.M.  
Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

#### Plays "Deaf Mute" for Business Information

BELLEFONTAINE.—W. K. Greenbaum, Chamber of Commerce secretary from Michigan City, Ind., used a new system of finding out the problems confronting the merchants of this city. He appeared on the streets here and feigning to be a deaf-mute obtained pencilled interviews from business men. At the luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce he was the speaker and read the various viewpoints that the business men had written down.—Home News, Nov. 2.

#### FANWOOD ALUMNI

On the evening of Thursday, December 4th, the Fanwood Alumni Association will observe the Centennial of the birth of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet with a banquet, to be held at a place which will be announced later.

Graduates and former pupils of the New York Institution, and all who desire to pay honor to the memory of a great teacher, a sincere friend and benefactor of the deaf, are cordially invited to attend.

Please address all requests for reservations for the dinner to

ARCHIBALD MCL. BAXTER,  
32 West 96th Street,  
New York City.

#### Protestant Episcopal Services for the Deaf

Diocese of Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh and Erie.

Rev. F. C. Smielau, Missionary, Box 209, Selins Grove, Pa.

#### Appointments for November:

16—Easton, 11 A.M.  
Allentown, 2 P.M.  
Reading, 7:30 P.M.  
20—Erie, 7:30 P.M.  
21—Toledo, Ohio, 7:45 P.M.  
22—Detroit, Mich., 8 P.M.  
23—Detroit, 10:45 and 3 P.M.  
Flint, 7:30 P.M.  
26—Williamsport, 8 P.M.  
29—Altoona, 7:30 P.M.  
30—Pittsburgh, 11 A.M.  
Greensburg, 2:30 P.M.  
Johnstown, 7:30 P.M.

#### ...WHIST...

#### Saturday Evening,

February 14, 1925

GIVEN BY

—V. B. G. A. A.—

[Particulars later.]

#### \$ \$ \$ - - - in Cash Prizes

Will be awarded for the Most Beautiful, Comic, Original and Unique Costumes.

#### SECOND

#### ANNUAL

### MASQUE BALL

— OF —

Bronx Division, Number 92  
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

### BRONX CASTLE HALL

149TH STREET AND WALTON AVENUE

BRONX, N. Y.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, 1925

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

ADMISSION, - - (Including Wardrobe) - - \$1.00

[Particulars later]

JOSEPH F. GRAHAM, Chairman.

### BASKET BALL & DANCE

LEXINGTON A. A. vs. FANWOOD A. A.  
INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP  
OF NEW YORK CITY

SILENT SEPARATES vs. (Pending)

Saturday Evening, January 17, 1925

Auspices of Lexington Alumni Association

(Location Announced Later)

\$100 CASH PRIZES \$100  
For Most Original and Unique Costumes

OUR 16th ANNUAL  
MASQUERADE BALL

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23  
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall, 301-309 Schermerhorn St.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, February 7, 1925

TICKETS, - \$1.00  
Including Wardrobe

MUSIC  
Par Excellence

# FAIR

—IN AID OF—

## St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street

Thursday, Friday and Saturday  
AFTERNOON & EVENING  
NOVEMBER 13, 14, 15

Many Novel Features—Excellent Opportunity to Buy Christmas Gifts

MRS. EDWARD RAPPOLT, Chairman  
Fancy Table—Miss Doris Ballance  
Household Table—Mrs. George D. Kinsey  
Candy Kitchen—Mrs. John Funk  
The Bakery—Mrs. Margaret Lounsbury  
House of Cards—Miss Mabel Hall  
Games of Skill—Mr. James N. Orman  
Fortune Teller—Mrs. Isabella Pomire  
Hot Bow Wows—Miss Esther H. Spanton

Dinner will be served every evening from 6 to 8 P.M. only.  
The Committee will be Grateful for Donations of Money or Articles. These may be sent to the Chairman at the Church.

\$75 in cash prizes will be awarded for the most handsome and unique costumes at the \$75  
SECOND ANNUAL

## MASK BALL

OF

Jersey City Division, No. 91, N. F. S. D.

AT

## PALACE GARDEN

412 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J.

Thanksgiving Eve., Wednesday, November 26, 1924

MUSIC BY AL. G. WOOD

Admission - (Including Wardrobe and War Tax) - \$1.00

Committee of Arrangements:

John Garland, Chairman George Brede, Ass't Chairman  
H. C. Brendall C. Droste  
H. W. Hester C. Schlupf  
G. Franck F. Orlando  
W. Flannery

Directions to Garden—From New York and Newark take Hudson Tunnel to Hoboken, then take Washington car or jitney to 4th Street, or walk about ten minutes.

\$100 in cash prizes will be awarded for the most HANDSOME and UNIQUE costumes. \$100

## FIRST GRAND MASQUE BALL

AUSPICES OF

Manhattan Division, No. 87

N. F. S. D.

## New York Turn Hall

East 85th Street, Corner Lexington Avenue.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, 1924

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

ADMISSION (Including Wardrobe) ONE DOLLAR

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

EMANUEL KERNER, Chairman  
LAWRENCE WEINBERG VICTOR ANDERSON  
MAX WITOWSKY SIMON TEICH

## St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

This Space Reserved

FOR

ENTERTAINMENT and DANCE  
AT  
BRONX CASTLE HALL

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1925

[BENEFIT OF BUILDING FUND]

RESERVED FOR

Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

APRIL 18, 1925

[Particulars Later]

RESERVED FOR

HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

March 28th, 1925

(Particulars Later)

#### WHIST and SOCIAL

GIVEN BY

American Society of Deaf A

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH for the DEAF  
511 West 148 Street

Saturday, January 10th, 1925, 8 P.M.

Admission - - - Fifty cents

Several Valuable Prizes for Winners.  
With Refreshments

Christmas Festival and  
Entertainment

—AT—

#### ST. MARK'S

230 Adelphi Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 27, 1924

ADMISSION - - - 35 CENTS  
(Including Refreshments)

Committee of Arrangements—Miss Gladys Williams (Chairman), Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McLaren, Mr. Allen Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Abrams, Mr. Harry Leibsohn, Mrs. Harry Leibsohn, Ass't Chairman.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH FAIR  
at 230 Adelphi Street, will be held on November 20th, 21st and 22nd, 1924.

SOUND BONDS  
FOR INVESTMENT

New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad Co.  
5½% 1974

Public Service Corporation of New Jersey  
6% 1944

Canadian Pacific Railway Company  
Debenture 4% Stock  
Perpetual

City of Christiania  
6% 1954

Pennsylvania Railroad Company  
5% 1964

Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railroad  
7% 1958

Correspondence invited

Statistics of any corporation in the world cheerfully furnished.

#### SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street  
New York City

Correspondent of  
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

#### The

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE  
INSURANCE COMPANY

Provides for your family and for yourself with policy contracts not excelled in all the world.  
No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

Can You Ask More?

When you think of Savings, go to a Bank. When you think of Life Insurance plus savings, write or see—

#### MARCUS L. KENNER

Eastern Special Agent

200 West 111th Street, New York

## Charles J. Sanford

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.

MANUFACTURER OF FINE

PLATINUM AND GOLD  
MOUNTING  
DIAMOND JEWELRY

We carry a full line of ladies and gents Watches American and Swiss made

Also a full line of Platinum and Gold Rings, Pins and Brooch at Factory Prices

ORDER WORK A SPECIALTY

102 Fulton Street

Room 202

NEW YORK

Telephone Beekman 8585

#### Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf.  
Will answer all calls.  
J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark.

Event of the Season!

## Maskerade Ball

OF THE

New Jersey SILENT Athletic Club

AT

ODD FELLOWS' HALL

876 Bergen Avenue Jersey City

Saturday Ev'g, Dec. 13, 1924

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

ADMISSION, - - - 50 CENTS

An Avalanche of Prizes Given Away  
For most original and handsomest costumes, for best dancing.

To reach Hall from New York and Newark, take Hudson Tube train to Summit Ave. Station, Jersey City, and walk along Bergen Avenue to hall.

GRAND ANNUAL  
BAL MASQUE

Under the auspices of the

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB  
OF  
PHILADELPHIA

Turngemeinde Hall  
Broad St. and Columbia Ave.

Saturday evening,  
November 8th, 1924

ADMISSION - - - ONE DOLLAR

Cash Costume Prizes  
Music Par Excellence

Manhattan Div., No. 87  
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—Organized for the convenience of those members living in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, and this Division is well equipped for the admission of new members of good health and good character, and is prepared to provide excellent social pastimes. Among the advantages of this membership is the low rate of insurance and relief in sick and accident cases. It meets on the first Monday of each month at the Harlem Masonic Temple, 310 Lenox Avenue, near 126th Street, New York City. The President is Samuel Frankenheim and the Treasurer is Julius Seandel. Address all communications to the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Manhattan, N. Y. 7-23-24

Many Reasons Why  
You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at 308 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: BENJAMIN FRANKENHEIM, Secretary, 4307-12th Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bronx Division, No. 92  
Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. On the first Friday of each month. Visitors welcome. For information write to Edward P. Bonvilain, Secretary, 1219 Wheeler Avenue, Bronx, New York.

Deaf-Mutes' Union  
League, Inc.  
143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 819 P. M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. E. Souwelle, President; S. Lowenhers, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

#### VISITORS

IN  
CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit  
Chicago's Premier Club

The PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.  
Entire 4th floor  
81 West Monroe Street

Business Meetings.....First Saturday  
Literary Meetings.....Last Saturday  
Club rooms open every day  
Charles Kemp, President.  
Kenneth J. Munger, Secretary,  
6849 Kenwood Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill.

First Congregational Church  
Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Union services for deaf-mutes every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A. Kennedy, at First Congregational Church, Hope and Ninth Streets. Entrance up the incline to north side door and upstairs to the Orchestra Room. Open to all denominations. Visiting deaf-mutes cordially welcome.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.



## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, 140 Broadway, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The American Society of Deaf Artists held their annual election of officers, meeting at the home of Miss A. Fousadier, far up in Williamsbridge Saturday evening, October 25th. The usual meeting was gone through and then came the election. For the first time in its history, some seventeen years, the Presidential chair will be occupied by a lady. Miss Ruby Abrams, loyal worker for many years and one of the founders of the society, will occupy the head of the table for the year to come.

Mr. Nesgood will be Vice President; Treasurer, Mr. Borgstrand; Secretary V. Anderson. The Trustees vacancy, caused by the election of Miss Ruby Abrams to the presidency, was filled by the election of Mr. Jacques Alexander to the board, now composed of Miss Fousadier, Mr. C. W. Futscher. Reports of committees show the society gaining greatly each succeeding meeting, and its activities never braggied of, yet ever helpful to the artists as being more and more impressive. After the meeting Miss Fousadier spread a supper fit for a king for the members. The piece of exceptional fame being a cake covered with curly, snowy cocoa nut, full three inches deep, and another of whipped cream covering. Due to the writer being against the wall, and in the middle of the table, he managed to spear one piece of the whipped cream one, the other he saw, but it was going down the other side of the table and there was not a chance for his side to even get a fork across within two feet of it. The society always shows full membership when meetings are at Miss Fousadier's. Even little Miss Chidabe wandered over the Bronx for two hours, in her brother and mother's car, seeking the house, which it seemed no one knew where it was located, until calling up information of the phone company located it for them. For once in many years our beloved honorary member, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, was not present, and there were many inquiries for him. The society is to hold an exhibition very soon of the works of its own members, and also of the International Society of Deaf Artists. This will be worth going far to see, and particulars will soon be given. A Whisky Party is to be held in St. Ann's Church, Saturday evening, January 10th, and it is hoped to raise enough to help defray expenses of the exhibition.

### H. A. D. ACTIVITIES

The first undertaking of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf in the field of entertainment, since its becoming an independent organization again, was held at the Republic Chinese Restaurant on Broadway and 42d Street, on Monday evening, November 2d, at 8 P. M.

Although the attendance was limited to two hundred people, because of the limited capacity of the restaurant, several more had to be taken care of, rather than turn them away.

About fifty tables were occupied in playing whist. The following were the lucky winners and the prizes awarded: Ladies, first prize; Mrs. Gomprecht, vase; second prize, Mrs. J. Farisher, fountain pen; third prize, Mrs. M. Miller, guest towel; fourth prize, Mrs. O. Poland, sewing basket. Gents, first prize, M. Moses, fountain pen; second prize, H. Heyman, key case; third prize, F. Fisher, bon bon bowl; fourth prize, J. Friedman, bill fold case. The booby prize was presented to Goldie Perlman, a box of chocolates.

The above prizes and the printing of the tickets were donated by the members of the Association, to whom thanks are due.

After the games a Chinese dinner was served to all present, which was enjoyed, and then the rest of the evening was spent meeting up with old acquaintances and having a good old chat.

Miss Anna Hoffman, the chair-lady, and her committee also deserve our praise in the manner they have handled the affair.

The Association has Friday evening services at the Park and Tilford Building, 310 Lenox Avenue, between 125th and 126th Streets. Meetings are held on the third Sunday afternoon of the month. Applications for membership are open to any person of our faith.

The officers of the Association are: Jack Ebin, President; Joseph Worzel, first Vice President; Miss Lena Stoloff, second Vice President; Louis Ulberg, Treasurer; and Miss Rebecca Champagne, Secretary.

On Sunday evening, November 16th, at 8 P. M., a Literary Night will take place at the above meeting place. A good time is assured all who attend. Admission, 25 cents. All welcome.

The "Silent Valet," established at Broadway and 177th Street only a couple months ago, has changed hands. Mr. A. Barr and his co-partner sold out to Mr. H. Gordon,

### N. A. D. SOCIAL NOTES.

The Greater N. Y. Branch, N. A. D., will promote a prize bowling tourney, Thanksgiving Eve. The prizes will be turkeys. There will be classes for ladies and gentlemen, so all can compete on equal terms. Beginners will have a chance to win, as prize bowling differs from regular play in that strikes and spares will not count, only total pins that fall being counted. A great social evening is anticipated, as the alleys are commodious, cheerful, and situated right at the foot of the 207th Street station of the Seventh Avenue Subway. Wednesday, Nov. 26th, at 8 P. M.

The most important date on the social calendar of the Greater N. Y. Branch of the N. A. D. is the annual banquet held on the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Wednesday evening, December 10, the banquet room of the Carroll Club, 120 Madison Avenue, near 31st Street, will be the scene of this year's gathering, where the memory of the first teacher of the deaf in this land of ours will be honored. Let it not be said the deaf are forgetful of their benefactors. Let us not forget that each and everyone of us owes a debt to Thomas Gallaudet that never can be paid. Let us then, in our feeble way, show that sacrifice is not a virtue alien to the deaf. One evening in the year, plus \$1.75 for members, or \$2.00 for non-members, is not too much to sacrifice for the opportunity to honor the man whose labor raised the deaf from the level of the beasts to the high plane we now occupy. Reservations can be secured through the Chairman, John N. Funk, 648 West 160th Street.

### FRATS NOMINATE OFFICERS

At the business meeting of the Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., held on Friday evening, November 7th, 1924, the following were nominated for officers:

For President—J. Ebin vs. J. McGovern; For Vice President—J. Sobel vs. H. Skidmore; For Secretary—Ed. Bonvillian (by acclamation); For Treasurer—W. Hansen vs. J. Graham. For Director—D. Polinsky (by acclamation). For Sergeant-at-Arms—A. Rubano vs. G. Dlugosch.

### BROOKLYN, No. 23

Nominations for officers of the Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D., were held on Friday evening, November 7th, with the following result:

For President, Bro. T. Cosgrove, by acclamation; for Vice President, Bro. B. Friedwald, by acclamation; for Secretary, Bro. J. N. O'Ryan, by acclamation; for Treasurer, Bros. Baker and Call; for Director, Bros. J. Seltzer and P. Dianno; for Sergeant-at-Arms, Bro. Issy Blumenthal; for Board of Trustees, Bros. E. Baum and Brander.

### JERSEY CITY, No. 91.

The Jersey City Division, No. 91, have nominated the following: President, Bros. H. W. Hester vs. John Garland; Vice President, Bros. Jacob Herbert vs. J. Davison; Secretary, Bros. C. Hummer, by acclamation; Treasurer, Bros. G. Brade vs. E. Ernst; Sergeant-at-Arms, Bros. C. Droste vs. Weutz.

A number of friends assembled in a private dining room de luxe, at the McAlpin Hotel, on the evening of November 6th, in honor of Mrs. Moses Loew. It being her "16th" birthday, she and her friends agreed to a little reunion.

The dinner was prepared with exceedingly good taste, the menu consisting of:

Grape fruit—Porto Rico  
Potage du Jour  
Celery  
Olive  
Filet of Sole, McAlpin  
Broiled Chicken  
Peas, Paysanne  
Potatoes Fondantes  
Salad Chiffonade  
Bombe Melon  
Petits Fours  
Cafe Noir

The committee of arrangements were Mrs. Felix A. Simonson and Mrs. Loew's daughter, Marjorie. Everybody present had a great philosophy of humor. Mrs. Loew's countenance was radiant with joy, as she expressed her kind appreciation. Because of her charming disposition, and her everlasting good nature, she has won the admiration of not only those present at the dinner, but numerous other friends, unable to attend. Telegrams and letters, bearing well wishes, were stacked high on her plate.

Some popularity I dare say!!

The guests were the following: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Loew, Mr. and Mrs. C. McMan, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Hirsch, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bloom, Mr. and Mrs. A. Marks, Messrs. H. C. Kohlman, Frankenheim, Sonweine, Mert-n Loew, A. Fliegenheimer, Misses Marjorie Loew, R. Abrams and A. Tracy.

Stop! Look! Listen! You are invited to attend for the very small sum of twenty-five cents, a "Literary Night," which will be held under the auspices of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, on Sunday evening, November 16th, at 8 o'clock,

at the Masonic Temple, 310 Lenox Avenue, corner 126th Street. The proceeds will be devoted towards defraying the expenses for burial plots for the destitute deaf-mutes.

A very interesting program has been arranged and those whose names are appended below are well-known to the deaf. These persons have expressed a willingness to appear and will give those present an intellectual feast. Come early to obtain a good seat. The program will begin promptly at 8:15 o'clock. Here is the program: Anthem—"Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Alice E. Judge; "Topics of the Times" by Dr. Thomas F. Fox; Dialogue—"Domestic Troubles" by Mr. and Mrs. Max M. Lubin; Debate, Resolved, "That the Commercial and industrial activities should be limited to five (5) days a week."

The affirmative side will be supported by Dr. Edwin W. Nies and Harry J. Goldberg, and the negative side by Alexander L. Pach and J. N. Funk; "Jokes" by Prof. W. G. Jones; and Anthem, "America," by Miss Anna Jacobs.

The hall is large and spacious and can accommodate about 500 persons comfortably. Remember the place and date, Masonic Temple, 310 Lenox Avenue, corner 126th Street, on Sunday evening, November 16th, at 8 o'clock.

A Harvest Festival and an old-fashioned Barn Dance is to be held at St. Elizabeth's Home, 236 East 15th Street, Saturday evening, November 29th. The Home will be especially decorated for the occasion and a large gathering has been provided for. The committee in charge of the affair, headed by Miss Mary McLaren, including Misses Murray and Cameron and Messrs. Sherwood and Cunningham. The price of admission will be fifty cents. Those who do not attend miss considerable real enjoyment.

By machine (in lizzie), a party of boys journeyed to the S. A. C. Philadelphia Ball last Saturday. They consisted of Messrs. Ben Friedwald, John Stigliabotti, Joe Dragonetti, George Sherman, P. Dianno, and Louis Stigliabotti (hearing brother of John) at the wheel.

## DETROIT.

[News items for this column may be sent to Mrs. C. C. Colby, 1728 Field Avenue, Detroit, Mich.]

The following clipping is taken from the Detroit Free Press of October 25th:

### DEAF MISSION AT ST. JOHN'S

"Ephphatha Mission" is the name given a congregation that worships in the chapel of St. John's Episcopal Church on Sunday mornings. If the name is not suggestive enough the following extract from a history of St. John's, written in 1909 by Bishop Faber, tells the story:

"In 1874 the Rev. Austin W. Mann began his labors among the deaf-mutes of Detroit and vicinity in St. John's Chapel. After 35 years this veteran missionary visits the same place at stated intervals; baptizing, preparing for confirmation, preaching and celebrating the Holy Communion. His congregation is listed as 'Ephphatha Mission,' the communicants being enrolled in St. John's."

Today the missionary is the Rev. C. W. Charles, of Columbus, O., who carries on very effectively the work so well begun by Mr. Mann. His field of labor covers five dioceses, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan and Western Michigan; so that his visits to Detroit are not more frequent than once a month.

When he comes he administers the sacrament of Holy Baptism and the Holy Communion, and supervises the candidates for confirmation. The services on other Sunday days are conducted by a lay reader, H. Waters. All the services are from the prayer book of the Episcopal church.

No use is made of hymns, but the psalms are read responsively, and the usual responses and answers made by the congregation; all this, of course, in the sign language. Hands and eyes become the medium for the transmission and reception of thoughts and words of devotion.

By those who know of the sign language only as it represents the letters of the alphabet, it is usually thought that the service would be unduly long. It is just the opposite, because a whole idea or group of ideas can be represented by a few signs, so that the service takes less time than it would if used by a speaking congregation.

In addition to the regular services of morning prayer and the Holy Communion, a Bible class is held every Sunday afternoon and a prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings. A guild for the women of the mission meets regularly for sewing and other useful work. Social events, suppers and concerts are held from time to time in the parish house; in short, all the usual activities of a parish church are carried on.

Ephphatha Mission has had an existence of 50 years, during which it has supplied a real need in Detroit by giving to those who cannot hear the opportunity for worship and

religious endeavors such as are enjoyed by those who possess the facilities of hearing and speaking.

H. B. Waters, lay-reader of the Ephphatha Episcopal Mission conducts the services every Sunday morning at 11:30 o'clock at the chapel of St. John's Episcopal Church on High Street. His faithful congregation flock to hear him and his reading both old and new Testament is always clear in sign language.

Sunday October 26th, he spoke on "Life's Values," which was interesting and instructive.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rutherford and Mr. Mrs. Arthur Meek are neighbors on Lillman Street on the West Side. The Meeks live upstairs while the Rutherfords on the 1st floor. The Meek boy, blonde, and Rutherford girl, brunette, about one year and half respectively are good playmates. It is interesting to see them talking together in baby language.

The surroundings of the Heyman parlor and dining room have been changed—new leather furniture.

At this writing the little girl of Mr. and Mrs. F. Bourcier, who had been poisoned by eating some liver sausages some weeks ago, is better and is herself again. She is about four years old and is a very bright little girl.

Mrs. A. R. Schneider, 1924 president of the Ladies' Guild, spent a day visiting her little boy in the country last week. The little boy is improving and is attending the school.

Mr. Thos. J. Kenney was suddenly taken ill the other day, and with loving care of his faithful mate and under the strict treatment of his physician, Tom quickly recovered. Canned meat seemed to be the cause of the acute illness.

A. R. Schneider, who has been confined at home with neuritis is on the road of recovery. He will soon resume his work at the Fisher Body Co.

Mr. and Samuel Smyth have a cute dog, who can do some smart tricks. This dog is the brother of Heyman's dog "Jeff," who was killed by an auto two years ago.

While in the city last October Mr. Shilton, of Toronto, Canada, was the guest of the Lobsingers.

Any deaf who is in need of an interpreter can see Miss Gladys Engell, 7763 Kirby Street, and also Miss Howe. Both young girls talk clearly in sign language. The home of Miss Howe is 20-3 Glendale Avenue. They both are daughters of deaf parents.

Many friends of the Simon Goth are rejoicing to learn that Mr. Goth's young wife, who has been ill for some time is on the road of recovery.

Two young lady teachers of the Royal Oak High School, have rented two rooms upstairs of the H. B. Waters home in Royal Oak, Mich., for light housekeeping.

The October business meeting of the Ladies' Guild of the Ephphatha Episcopal Mission was held with Mrs. Schneider in the chair. Mrs. Colby was chosen Secretary pro tem., in place of Mrs. Wilbur Wells, who was out of town. Treasurer Engell reported the Guild has over three hundred dollars in the bank. The Guild has a new Firing Box, which will be used the coming Christmas festival.

Ears are coming back to favor with hearing women after prolonged and complete eclipse from view, and the deaf women not as yet have pushed their locks back so as to have the ears expose, as the hearing women.

The Detroit Association of the Deaf is growing steadily. It is the only one club in the town for the deaf. The present president of the club is Young Max Crittenden. J. J. Hellers is Treasurer, and Frank Allera is Secretary. This club was organized October 19th, 1916, with twenty six members. It was incorporated under the laws of Michigan, November 25th, 1918. It was agreeably organized to provide a meeting place to keep the members from the temptations of a large city. This club is in the heart of city and it located at 336 Michigan Avenue. The boys are in earnest of owning their own club house in the near future, and they need the whole hearted co-operation of all the deaf in Detroit and nearby.

Please correct—it was not Horne but Mrs. Burton J. Howe, who was fortunate and won a lot out at Springwell Lake, Michigan, by a lucky ticket. Mrs. C. C. C.

### Services for Catholic Deaf in Brooklyn Borough

Beginning Sunday, November 16th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and every third Sunday of each month thereafter, Rev. F. de Sales Howle, S. J., will have services for the deaf in Our Lady of Mercy Church, on Schermerhorn Street, between Bond and Nevins Streets. This church was chosen by Bishop Malloy, of Brooklyn, as the most central, being easily reached from all parts of the city.

Father Howle is no stranger hereabouts. He was assistant to Father Stadelman many years ago. Subsequently, he went to Jamaica, B. W. I., from which he returned recently, and sought out his old friends among the deaf. He invites every one to meet him on November 16th.

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

November 1, 1924—There have been social gatherings of the deaf in various parts of the State—Cincinnati, Toledo, Akron, Dayton and Columbus, in the interest of charity and aid objects. Financially these have been successful, and socially they have dealt out sunshine and happiness to those attending them. Talk about the deaf not having their full measure of pleasures. Really they get as much and more enjoyment out of these gatherings as the hearing obtain in their meetings.

Mr. Webb C. Hatfield, who managed the Silent Baseball of Dayton for several years, has gone into other business of a warlike nature. He is taking a machine gun and howitzer course in Fort Benning, Ga., Service School, and when he completes, it expects to be assigned to Paris and Threlt, Belgium. He is a son of deaf parents.

The Dayton Ladies' Aid Society will hold a bazaar on the evening of November 29th. The proceeds go to the keep up of a room at the Home for Deaf.

Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, of Dayton, O., seems to have the lucky stone dangling about his neck. He works for the Otterbein Press establishment. An Industrial Democracy is in the concern installed about four years ago. The employees of each department elect two representatives to represent them, Members of the Senate are foremen and assistant foremen. The Cabinet which has the final say in matters affecting the welfare of the establishment is made up of the higher ups. Some time ago *The Press* offered a prize of \$25 to the employees of the establishment for the best letter head. The copy was furnished by the sales department and the letter head was to be arranged by such type faces as was kept in stock by the house. The awarding committee looked over the great number of designs furnished, and laid aside those which it thought were worthy of a choice by the Cabinet. October 11th, Mr. Snyder received an envelope from the Secretary of the Cabinet, stating that his letter head was selected by the Cabinet, and a check for \$25 accompanied the letter, with the compliments of Dr. W. R. Funk, the president of the concern.

On two former occasions for suggestions, he received one of \$10, and another as second grand prize, \$90, and with this last one of \$25, he has reaped \$125.

The Columbus Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association spent a very pleasant evening, October 24th, at the home of Miss Dorothy Durrant, ex-'24, as hostess. These people made the gathering: Miss Zell, '02, Mrs. Ida Ohlemacher Zorn, ex-'02, Mr. R. P. MacGregor, '02, Miss Bessie MacGregor, '02, Rev. C. W. Charles, '89, Mr. W. H. Zorn, '90, Mrs. J. C. Winemiller, ex-'04, Miss Cloa Lamson, '00, Mr. A. W. Ohlemacher, '99, Mrs. Elizabeth McFadden Cook, ex-'09, Mrs. May Greener Thomas, Nor. '96, Mr. J. B. Arnold, ex-'10, Miss Katherine Toskey, ex-'24, A. B. Greener, ex-'77. In addition, these guests by invitation, Mesdames Durrant, Zell, Ohlemacher, Charles and Mr. Ernest Zell.

Miss Zell, as president, called the meeting to order, and Mrs. Zorn recorded the proceedings.

Professors Fuesfeld and Day, of the College, are to be here some time this month, to make a psychology examination study of the deaf here in the school and at others. Mr. Zorn, Miss Lamson and Mrs. Winemiller were appointed a committee to arrange for some entertainment for the gentleman during their stay here in conjunction with Superintendent Jones.

While Mr. Ohlemacher, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Durrant, as a committee, are to arrange for a banquet, honoring the birthday anniversary of Edward Miner Gallaudet, February 5th, 1925.

The reunion at the college, last June, was taken as a topic for the evening, Miss Zell telling of the first days events, Mr. MacGregor of D. W. George's paper on "Practical Aspects of the Edward Miner Memorial" Rev. C. W. Charles, on the conferring of honorary degrees upon graduates and prominent persons engaged in the education of the deaf. Mr. Ohlemacher described the dedication of the Hotchkiss field; Miss Durrant, the reception given by President Coolidge to the members, and the picnic at the Falls on the Potomac; Mr. Greener, the banquet at Grace Hall Dodge Hotel; and Miss Lamson, on the resolution to establish trade teaching in the college. In other short talks given the visit to the home of Douglas Craig and wife came in. Craig has been a character of the college from way back, and he seems to know every student to the present time.

Before departing, ice cream, cake, chocolate and salt peanuts were served, and the hostess and mother thanked for the pleasures of the evening given.

The moving picture show given in the chapel of the school, on the evening of the 24th, netted \$39.40. The proceeds go to the benefit of the deaf children in China and Japan.

For the Home heating plant, Treasurer Charles reports the collection to date hereto as \$2,082.54, and that the total cost of the plant will be about \$6,000. The plant is in running order now, and we are informed is giving entire satisfaction.

Raymond Rose is a farmer down in Scioto County. He also raises apples. He has brought up here two large truck loads of the fruit at different times, part of which he sold to the school and the rest to deaf residents of the city. The fruit is fine, of different varieties. He has a sister living near Los Angeles, California. She is married, but we cannot recall her name.

Large blossoms, white and yellow chrysanthemums, adorn the desks of the class rooms, offices and hospital of the school. They came from the school's greenhouses.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reynolds have joined the auto owners. Theirs is a four door Ford Sedan.

Mrs. George W. Halse is in the city again, making a round of her friends here, and enjoying a good time with them. She will return home next week.

Teachers of the younger pupils had their class room appropriately festooned with Hallowe'en decorations yesterday afternoon, holding exercises, and treating them to apples, pop corn balls, and candy. The teachers and officers of the school had their fun too, during the evening, in the Boys' Hall rotunda. The place was prettily bedecked with figures, yards of yellow paper, and large pumpkin faces here and there, apples dangling from the ceiling. The fun came, when the masqueraders arrived, about eight o'clock, and endeavoring to find out who is who. There were about a hundred of them, costumes and characters, some beautiful, some queer. Darktown was represented, the Indian, the Milkmaid, the Queen, and the lord, and the Chinaman and so on, and then the whole crowd adjourned to the chapel, where a series of charades acting was given. Cards being distributed to get down the answers to each. We do not know who carried off the prize.

By this time masks had been removed and there were some surprises in discovering who was under or in them. Back to the B floor again, and here cider, doughnuts, popcorn balls regaled the crowd, and while munching them the gathering was entertained with a number of laughable stunts. Thus closed a most enjoyable Hallowe'en.

Warren Shafer was among those attracted to leave his home in Perry County and come to Columbus to see the football contest, between the Chicago and Ohio State universities, last Saturday. The score was 3 to 3.

Miss Corinne Glaser, ex-'24, of Gallaudet College, came up last Sunday from Dayton to renew acquaintances with friends here. She has a good position as an artist in her home city and is doing nicely. A. B. G.

## FANWOOD.

On Thursday evening, November 6th, the Junior High Class, under Prof. E. Iles, entertained the Fanwood Literary Association in the chapel with excellent readings and a debate. The debate was easily won by the Negative side, by decision of the judges, Cadets Captain R. Behrens, and Color Sergeant John Whalley and Miss Frances Voget.

Reading—"Christina Ovilares," by C. Knobloch.

Reading—"Two Surprises," by Elizabeth Fromm.

Reading—"Master of his Craft," by Jacob Gleicher.

Reading—"The Rose Maiden," by Carmella Palazzata.

DEBATE—"Resolved, That women should not be eligible for the office of President of the United States."

Affirmative Negative

Avis Allen Kaple Greenberg

Mollie Getzdorff Wm. Schurman

Reading—"Baked Beans and Culture," by Frank Helntz.

Reading—"The Broken Bowl," by Dorothy Jackson.

Reading—"The Life of Moses," by Wm. Schurman.

Reading—"The Mystery of the Shattered Hand," by Kaple Greenberg.

Reading—"The Nose," by Avis Allen.

Reading—"Life of Buddha," by Arne Olsen.

The officers of the Protean Society for the term of 1924-25, are as follows: Principal Isaac B. Gardner, Oquesseller; Cadet Captain Rudolph Behrens, President; Cadet Lieutenant and Band Leader James Garrick, Vice-President; Cadet Captain Arne Olsen, Secretary; Cadet Lieutenant Edmund Hicks, Treasurer; Cadet Captain Ben Ash, Chairman; Cadet Lieutenant Charles Knobloch, Librarian.

Edwin Peterson was admitted as a new pupil at this institution recently.

On Friday afternoon, November 7th, a basket ball tournament game between "Jimmy" and "George" teams, was played on our "gym"

court, and was very close and exciting.

Finally "Jimmy" team won by one point—23 to 22.

The new officers of the Adrastran Society for the term of 1924-25 are as follows: Misses Rose Orner, President; Edna Purdy, Vice-President; Frances Voget, Secretary; Avis Allen, Treasurer.

## St. Louis Briefs

Mr. John K. Cloud attended the Convention of bankers in Chicago, but detoured to St. Louis for a visit to his old home town and among the home folks.

Miss Maud Seaton, daughter of Mr. C. D. Seaton, of the West Virginia School, stopped off for a day in St. Louis on her way to take a position at the Arkansas School at Little Rock. Other things being equal relatives of the deaf are to be preferred as teachers of the deaf.

Friends of Mrs. Mattie Merrell tendered her a farewell reception at the Cloud residence recently, and presented her with an eversharp pencil and pen as a token of their appreciation. Mrs. Merrell expects to leave shortly to make her home with her married daughter, residing in East Orange, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lynch made an extended auto trips not long ago, going all the way to New York and returning by a different route. The trip was made without any incident out of the ordinary. "Who says the deaf cannot drive autos?"

Mr. A. O. Steidemann now has the finest auto owned by any member of the silent community in St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Steidemann and Mrs. Rodenberger recently motored to Jacksonville, Ill., and took in the events of Home Coming day at the Illinois School.

The Woman's Guild of St. Thomas' Mission is planning a supper and bazaar, to be held at the Parish House, 1210 Locust Street, on the evening of November 22d; Supper at 6 o'clock. The Guild Suppers are always of the best and worth fully twice the price.

Missouri is busy raising a fund for a Home for the Aged. Several thousand dollars are on hand and many more are needed. The local Home Fund Committee is composed of the following officers: Mrs. Harry Berwin, Chairman; Mrs. J. H. Burgherr, Vice-Chairman; Mr. C. Cowhick, Secretary; Mr. L. Froning, Treasurer. Mr. Harry Berwin will serve as general chairman in charge of socials.

Preparations for Christmas are already underway. A fund for Christmas cheer, where it will be most needed, is being raised by a series of socials. The socials have been held at Thomas' Mission. The latest was put through successfully by the combined efforts of the Frongings, the Arnolds, the Moegles, the Berwins, the E. Metters and the E. Bueltmanns.

Plans are underway to erect a memorial to the late Bishop Tuttle, to stand on the site of the present parish house of Christ Church Cathedral. For this purpose a fund of \$1,750,000, is being raised. The memorial building will be an artistic structure, twelve stories high. The Cathedral has been the home of St. Thomas' Mission for nearly fifty years. The deaf will have much better facilities for their social affairs, lectures, and the like, after the memorial has been completed, some two years hence.

The orators are still trying to get away with Gallaudet School. The Patrons' Association is still fighting for the retention of the combined system. The patrons and the educated deaf take common ground. The Department of Instruction has found the Gallaudet potato much hotter than seemed possible. It is too hot to drop, and the longer they hold it the hotter it gets.

Coming Events: Lecture by Mr. A. O. Steidemann, on the evening of November 30th, at St. Thomas' Mission Hall, 1210 Locust Street. No door admission will be charged.

Stag, under the auspices of St. Louis Division, N. F. S. D., at North St. Louis Turner Hall, same place as last year. Bro. Greiser is General Chairman in charge. All Frats welcome. The date: Evening of December 20th.

The Frat ball will be on the evening of February 7th, at Weisser Hall, opposite the Water Tower on North Grand Avenue.

### PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Diocese of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, 1450 Fairmont Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish Hall, 16th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A. M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sun. ay, 8 P. M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A. M.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Grady and Iute Streets. Service, Second Sunday, 10:30 A. M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 3:30 P. M.

Services by Appointment:—Virginia: Lynchburg, Rock-oke, Newport News, and Staunton. West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.



